

looks o' things, an' then I banged up against the bed, makin' enough noise to bring the house down.

"A door in the side o' the room that I hadn't noticed before opens, an' in stalks a lady I take to be Amanda—IN her nightie, AN' totally lacking the support of my hero-friend.

"'What are you doing in here?' she demands.

"I grinned kinda foolish, I remember, an' muttered something about the water havin' looked fine, an'—then I recalled what Bennett had said about me actin' particularly ferocious until he got his hooks on me.

"So I drew my gat, and my best, Sunday-go-to-meetin' scowl.

"Put up your hands or I'll drill a hole in your kimona.'

"I wont,' says she, an' turns the key in the door, and gets between me and the window.

"The other door is also locked,' she says, 'you can't get out that way.'

"Stop foolin,' says I, 'an' get those hands up, or I'll put a hole through you as sure as your name's Amanda.'

"How do you know my name's Amanda?' says she.

"I saw what I'd been an' gone an' done then: but it was too late to say it was a mistake.

"How d'you think I'd know?' I asks her fierce-like, 'D'ou think I don't find out ANYTHING about the lay of a house I'm goin' to make?'

"If you talk so loud,' says she, 'you'll waken mother, who is

asleep in the room upstairs, and she'll scream and be frightened, and I'll have to nurse her.'

"That kinda got my goat. I wasn't reckoning on any indignant mothers around there. I glanced around the room—an' then it happened.

"Say, that young woman ought to ha' been in the ring. The one she handed me to the jaw, an' the way she took the revolver away from me, would have given Jack Johnson a fit.

"It was done so quick, I didn't know it had happened myself, until she poked the gat under my nose an' says:

"Now you put up your hands, and do it mighty quick, or I'll spoil your vest.'

"Say, Amanda sure could talk as if she meant it, an' the way my hands went up was a fright. I thought I'd knock a hole through the ceiling an' tickle mother's toes in the room upstairs.

"Now,' says Amanda, 'you go over and sit down on the bed. I want to talk to you.'

"Anything to oblige you, ma'am, says I, an' sits down on the bed peaceful as can be.

"Now,' she says, sharp and quick like, 'I want to know how you knew my name. Quick now!'

"You'd ha' thought I never was up against the third degree in all my blameless little life. It was out o' me before I knew what I was saying.

"So,' says she, 'it was Bennett, was it? I wondered why he threw a fit when I telephoned him